Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.

TRANSLATED

By Helen Rowland.

LO, my daughter, hast thou met a homely man who charmeth thee? Then cleave unto him with all thy might. For a Greek God conquereth easily, but he with the face of a mud pie and the legs of a piano pleaseth only by taking great trouble, and he hath a winning way. Yea, he understandeth women.

He doeth the sympathetic and runneth thine errands. He studieth thy taste in flowers and quoteth thy speeches accurately. He remembereth the necktie thou didst admire and weareth it always.

He noteth the fine points of thy dress and speaketh DEFINITELY concerning them, saying "A pink ruff becometh thee and thine ear is of fascinating cuteness."

He consulteth thee tenderly concerning the soup whether it pleaseth thee and passeth thee the salt solicitously. He putteth sugar in thy wine and the clams which thous despisest will he not offer thee.

He playeth the DEVOTED with great skill, yet he forceth not his attentions upon thee. Behold how he wrappeth thy boa about thee adoringly and gazeth at thee long and hard when thou art SUPPOSED not to be looking. Yea, he spreadeth down a mental cloak for thee to walk upon, even as did Sir Walter Raleigh in the time of Queen Bess, and secretly thou knightest him.

For, lo, he hath had much practice. He treateth every woman in this way. And it shall come to pass that in time this shall become a "habit," and he shall treat even his wife with some little courtesy.

Then, consider, my daughter, how other women shall envy you and speak among themselves, saying: "Behold this woman's husband listeneth when she talketh. Verily he appeareth to HEAR her—even to SEE her. And is it not WONDERFUL?" Selah!

Players of the Period

No. 10.—Louis Mann. *By Johnson Briscoe.*

LOUIS MANN, whose talents as an actor are fully appreciated by both the public and himself, was born in New York City, April 20, 1864, his parents being Daniel and Caroline Mann, neither of whom were in any way affiliated with theatricals. He received his education in the public schools of his native city and San Francisco, Cal., to which city his parents moved when he was a youth in his 'teens. It was in the California metropolis, too, that Mr Mann began his stage career, appearing in the early eighties with the stock company at the California Theatre, supporting such stars as Lawrence Barrett and John McCullough. He then appeared in the support of Lewis Morrisor and Marie Prescott, making his first appearance upon the New York stage in the support of these stars at the Union Square Theatre, Aug. 20, 1883, as Page in "Vera, the Nihilist," which, by the way, was the late Oscar Wilde's first play and was a complete failure.

For a considerable length of time after this Mr. Mann's career had far more downs than ups, he appearing with several barn-storming repertoire companies on tour in such pieces as "Called Back" and "Lost," with Daniel E. Bandmann as Mr. Utterson in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and a the Fifth Avenue Theatre as Charley in "Goggles." He made his first pronounced hit in the stage world, the season of 1891-92, as Dick Winters in "Incog," in which company he met and married Clara Lipman, the well known actress and dramatist. After this Mr. Mann was seen on tour in "Nothing But Money," and at the head of his own company in "The Laughing Girl" and "Hannah," a one-act play, of which he was the author. He appeared at the Casino in the summer of 1895 as Svengali in the "Trilby" burlesque in "The Merry World." Later in that same year Mr. Mann made quite a hit by his portrayal of Herr Von Moser in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," at the Standard Theatre. The season of 1896-97 he was Hans in "The Girl from Paris," during the two hundred and ninety performances of this piece at the Herald Square Theatre, and the two seasons following this he and Miss Lipman were co-stars in "The Telephone Girl." They divided the season of 1899-1900 between "The Girl in the Barracks" and "Master and Pupil," and then came a season each in "All On Account of Eliza" and "The Red Kloof."

Mr. Mann then fared forth as a lone star and the season of 1902-03 he was seen in "The Consul," with a brief revival of "All on Account of Eliza." The season following this he hauled down his stellar flag and joined the forces of Weber and Fields, appearing in "Whoop-Dee-Doo" and the burlesques of "Waffles" and "Catherine." The next season, however, he was again at the head of his own company, appearing in "The Second Fiddle," after which, along with Miss Lipman, he was seen for a season and a half, including a brief London engagement, in "Julie Bon-Bon," of which Miss Lipman was the author.

Early in 1907 Mr. Mann appeared at the Casino in "The White Hen," and the season of 1907-08 he was a vaudeville headliner in a condensed version of "All on Account of Eliza." He began the present season in a piece called "The New Generation," and he opened his New York engagement on Oct. 15 last, at the Circle Theatre, in the same play, only its title has been changed to that of "The Man Who Stood Still." Upon many occasions Mr. Mann has threatened to show us his conception of Shylock, but up to date this has merely remained a threat.

Hints for the Home.

Cheese Straws.

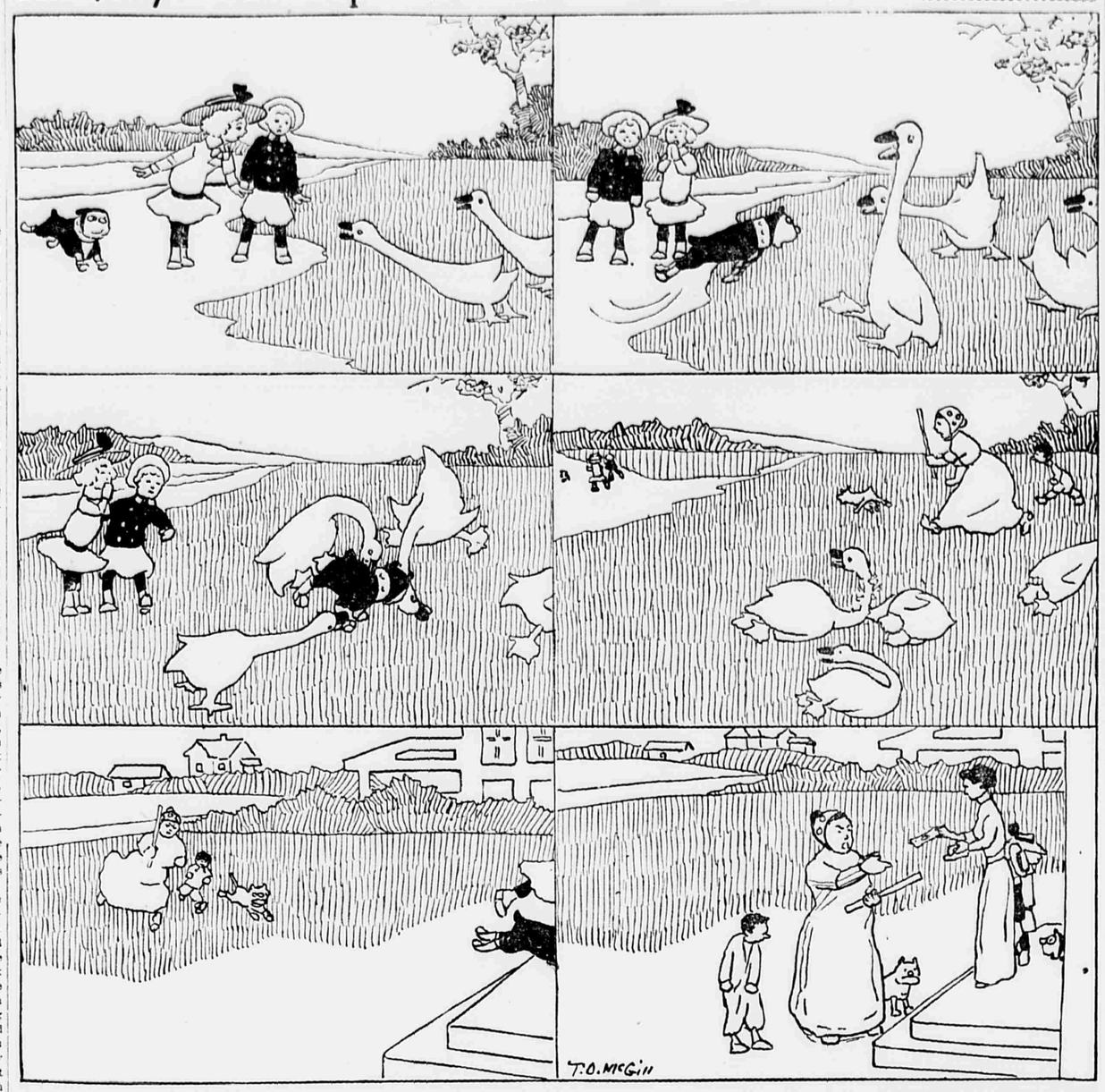
CHOP two tablespoons of butter into one cup of flour, mix in one saltspoon of cayenne, one-half teaspoon salt. Roll and fold in one cup grated cheese. Wet with cold water to a stiff paste. Roll out thin, cut into strips one-quarter inch wide by six inches long and bake until brown. When cold tie them into bundles with a narrow ribbon or pile on a platter log cabin style, or roll and cut into strips four inches long and cut rings out of some of the pastry, put strips in rings after baked. These are excellent to serve with soups or salad.

Puff Cake.

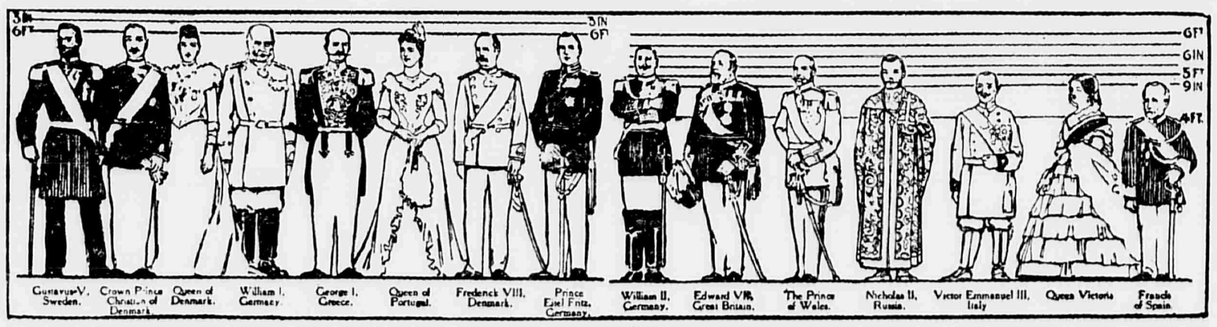
THREE eggs well beaten; one-half cup butter, rounding; one and one-half cups light brown sugar, three cups sifted flour, three level teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon lemon extract; makes a tin pan cake or two loaves. Keeps like fruit cake.

The Jollys' Bull Pup

By T. O. McGill



You Have Read of "Kingly Stature." Here It Is---In All Sizes.



NOVELISTS are fond of describing their heroes as of "kingly stature." According to a computation made by the London Sphere (from which the accompanying illustration is reproduced) that same stature may be anything from 6 feet 2 in 4 feet 10. Here is a line of recent, present and future rulers of Europe. They range in height from King Gustavus of Sweden down to Francis of Spain. Eight of the fifteen are over 6 feet tall. But some of the most famous of the lot—King Edward, the Kaiser and the Czar, for instance—fall far below the six-foot mark. Queen Victoria was barely 5 feet in height—fourteen inches shorter than United Germany's first Emperor.

A FAIR OFFER.

Customer From the Country—Here, mister, I've fetched my new wife up for to have her picture took.

Photographer—Yes, sir. Full length or bust?

Country—The hull full length, young man. If the machine busts I'll pay for it.—Scraps.

The Touchstone of Art.

THE Munich Jugend has discovered five signs by which to detect the school to which a painter belongs. (1) If he paints the sky gray and the grass black, he belongs to the good old classical school; (2) if he paints the sky blue and the grass green, he is a realist; (3) if he paints the sky green and the grass blue, he is an impressionist; (4) if he paints the sky yellow and the grass purple, he is a colorist; (5) if he paints the sky black and the grass red, he shows possession of great decorative talent.

TOLD THE TEACHER.

Mamma (to Bobby, who has spent his first day at school)—What did you learn to-day?

Bobby—Didn't learn anything.

Mamma—Well, what did you do?

Bobby—Didn't do anything. There was a woman wanting to know how to spell cat, and I told her.—Boston Globe.

Loveless Engagements Ought to Be Broken

By Helen Oldfield.

"A DWARF upon a giant's shoulders can see farther than can the giant." Doubtless in many respects we are wiser than were our forefathers, staid old fogies, who for the most part took life deliberately, who thought it no shame to be "slow," and who considered hurry undignified, unbecoming a gentleman, still more a lady.

George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, the "Iron Duke," and even Horatio Nelson, who for his time was impetuous and inclined to be hasty, believed in "masterly inactivity" upon occasion. "When in doubt what to do, do nothing," in those days was a maxim much quoted and oft practised. In case of uncertainty wise men held it discreet to keep still and await developments.

Nowadays we scout such wisdom, rush and hurry are the familiars who do our bidding, and anything, however rash, generally is regarded as preferable to inaction.

Nevertheless, there still are times when "haste makes waste." The proverb is an old one, abundantly justified by experience. Precipitancy is apt to stumble and fall, missing its aim. If ever it is expedient to make haste slowly it is in choosing a partner for life.

In so serious an undertaking it surely is well to be circumspect, to be sure of one's self and the other—not to choose a wife or a husband with less thought or care than ordinarily is given to the selection of a coat or a hat, says Helen Oldfield in the Chicago Tribune.

There is no manner of doubt that much matrimonial unhappiness might be avoided if only it were customary to regard an engagement as a period of probation, so to speak—a sort of trial trip during which the two prospective spouses might investigate each other before signing for the voyage for life. If all marriages were for genuine, permanent love, the much vexed question, "Is marriage a failure?" might positively be answered in the negative and life afterwards would continue to be as "merry as a marriage bell."

But people marry for many things besides love of various kinds—pique, pride, ambition, the wish to escape from uncomfortable surroundings at home, resentment toward interfering relatives—any one of these is a fruitful source of the "rushed engagement" and the secret misgivings which many feel yet hesitate to confess. Which is a pity, for in most cases secret misgivings should be trusted and acted upon.

Shakespeare says: "Better a little chiding than a great deal of heartbreak." For chiding read pain, and act accordingly.

Better, far better, to strike a blow at your lover's heart, which time surely will heal, as well as inflict an affront upon his vanity, which some men will mind more, than that you should do him the irreparable wrong of outwardly holding to your engagement while inwardly revolting from it.

It is a good thing to be able to see things in their true proportions—to choose the lesser evil while allowing it to be an evil. It is a hard thing to act a lie for a lifetime.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

THIS prettily draped evening waist is an especially attractive and graceful one, yet absolutely simple withal. There is a fitted lining, over which the plain trimming and the draped portions are arranged, and the novel sleeves can be made of two materials or of one, as liked. The Directoire sash is attached to the back edge of the drapery and knotted at the left of the front. Soft finished satin with heavy lace are the materials illustrated, but chiffon, crepe de Chine, marquisette, everything of the sort is appropriate for the blouse, with lace or embroidered net or heavier material either embroidered or trimmed with soutache for the trimming portions.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 yards 21 or 24, 3 1-4 yards 32 or 1 1-2 yards 44 inches wide, 1 1-8 yards of all-over lace and 1 1-8 yards of applique for edging.

Pattern 6181 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

Draped Evening Waist—Pattern No. 6181.

How to Obtain These Patterns. Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 182 East Twenty-third street, New York. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

A Romance of Mystery, Love and Adventure.

THE BLACK BAG

By Louis Joseph Vance,

Author of "The Brass Bowl," "The Private War," Etc.

(Copyright, 1908, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS

Philip Kirkwood, a rich young Californian, who has been studying art in Paris, loses his entire fortune through the San Francisco earthquake. He comes to London and engages passage for New York. At his London hotel Kirkwood is visited by a stout man, who calls himself "Calendar," and who hints at a mysterious service, for which he says Philip would be richly paid. Philip believes the man is a scoundrel and will have no dealings with him. That night at dinner on the eve of his departure for America, Kirkwood sees Calendar dining with a young and beautiful girl. Calendar begs the American's aid, confessing himself to be in danger of arrest. He asks Kirkwood to join the girl (Calendar's daughter, Dorothy) and escort her home. Kirkwood consents. Calendar escapes. Kirkwood and the girl leave the restaurant. A futile attempt is made to arrest Kirkwood, who is mistaken for Calendar. He takes Dorothy to the door of a seemingly vacant house and at her request leaves her there. Worried as to her safety, he enters the house after Dorothy, thrashing a man who blocks his way. The man seeks to follow Kirkwood into the house, but is stopped at the door by a policeman.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued.)

9 Frognall Street.

THE response came in the sniffling snarl of the London ne'er-do-well, the idle rogue whose chiefest occupation seems to be to march in the ranks of The Unemployed on the occasion of its annual demonstrations.

"Le' me alone, carntcher? Ah'm doin' no 'arm, officer"——

"Didn't you hear me? Step out here. Ah, that's better. . . . No harm, eh? Perhaps you'll explain how there's no harm breakin' into unoccupied 'ouses?"

"Gorblimy, 'ow was I to know? 'Ere's a toff 'ands me sixpence fer hopenin' 'is cab door to-dye, an', sezee, 'My man,' 'e sez, 'yer've got a 'onest fyce. Wy don'cher work?' sezee. ''Ow can I?' sez I. ''Ere 'm I hout of a job these six months, lookin' fer work every dye an' carn't find it.' Sezee, 'Come and see me this hevenin' at me home, Noine, Frognall Stryte,' 'e sez, and' "——

"That'll do for now. You borrow a pencil and paper and write it down and I'll read it when I've got more time; I never heard the like of it. This 'ouse hasn't been lived in these two years. Move on, and don't let me find you round 'ere again, March, I say!"

There was more of it—more whining explanations artfully tinctured with abuse, more terse commands to depart, the whole concluding with scraping footsteps, diminuendo, and another perfunctory rattle of the knob as the bobby, having shoo'd the putative evildoer off, assured himself that no damage had actually been done. Then he, too, departed, satisfied and self-righteous, leaving a badly frightened but very grateful amateur criminal to pursue his self-appointed career of crime.

He had no choice other than to continue; in point of fact, it had been insanity just then to back out and run the risk of apprehension at the hands of that ubiquitous bobby, who (for all he knew) might be lurking not a dozen yards distant, watchful for just such a sequel. Still, Kirkwood hesitated with the best of excuses. Reassuring as he had found the sentinel's extemporized yarn—proof positive that the fellow had had no more right to prohibit a trespass than Kirkwood to commit one—at the same time he found himself pardonably a prey to emotions of the utmost consternation and alarm. If he feared to leave the house he had no warrant whatever to assume that he would be permitted to remain many minutes unharmed within its walls of mystery.

The silence of it discomfited him beyond measure; it was, in a word, uncanny.

Before him, as he lingered at the door, vaguely disclosed by a wan illumination penetrating a dusty and begrimed fanlight, a broad hall stretched indefinitely toward the rear of the building, losing itself in blackness beyond the foot of a flight of stairs. Save for a few articles of furniture—a hall table, an umbrella stand, a tall dumb clock flanked by high-backed chairs—it was empty. Other than Kirkwood's own restrained respiration not a sound throughout the house advertised its inhabitation; not a board creaked beneath the pressure of a foot, not a mouse rustled in the wainscoting or beneath the floors, not a breath of air stirred sighing in the stillness.

And yet, a tremendous racket had been raised at the front door, within the sixty seconds past! And yet, within twenty minutes two persons, at least, had preceded Kirkwood into the building! Had they not heard? The speculation seemed ridiculous. Or had they heard and, alarmed, been too effectually hobbled by the coils of their nefarious designs to dare reveal themselves, to investigate the cause of that thunderous summons? Or were they, perhaps, aware of Kirkwood's entrance, and lying perdu in some dark corner, to ambush him as he passed?

True, that were hardly like the girl. True, on the other hand, it were possible that she had stolen away while Kirkwood was hanging in irresolution by the passage to Quadrant Mews. Again, the space of time between Kirkwood's dismissal and his return had been exceedingly brief; whatever her errand, she could hardly have fulfilled it and escaped. At that moment she might be in the power and at the mercy of him who had followed her, providing he were not friendly. And in that case, what torment and what peril might not be hers?

Spurred by solicitude, the young man put personal apprehensions in his pocket and forgot them, cautiously picking his way through the gloom to the foot of the stairs. There, by the newel-post, he paused. Darkness walled him about. Overhead the steps vanished in a well of blackness; he could not even see the ceiling; his eyes ached with futile effort to fathom the unknown; his ears rang with unrewarded strain of listening. The silence hung inviolate, profound.

Slowly he began to ascend, a hand following the balusters, the other with his cane exploring the obscurity before him. On the steps, a carpet, thick and heavy, muffled his footfalls. He moved noiselessly. Toward the top the staircase curved, and presently a foot that groped for a higher level failed to find it. Again he halted, acutely distrustful.

Nothing happened.

He went on, guided by the balustrade, passing three doors, all open, through which the undefined proportions of a drawing-room and boudoir were barely suggested in a ghostly dusk. By each he paused, listening, hearing nothing.

His foot struck with a deadened thud against the bottom step of the second flight, and his pulses fluttered wildly for a moment. Two minutes—three—he waited in suspense. From above came no sound. He went on, as before, save that twice a step yielded, complaining, to his weight. Toward the top the close air, like the darkness, seemed to weigh more heavily upon his consciousness; little drops of perspiration started out on his forehead, his scalp tingled, his mouth was hot and dry, he felt as if stifled.

Again the raised foot found no level higher than its fellows. He stopped and held his breath, oppressed by a conviction that some one was near him. Confirmation of this came startlingly—an eerie whisper in the night, so close to him that he fancied he could feel the disturbed air fanning his face.

"Is it you, Eccles?"

He had no answer ready. The voice was masculine, if he analyzed it correctly. Dumb and stupid he stood poised upon the point of panic.

"Eccles, is it you?"

The whisper was both shrill and shaky. As it ceased Kirkwood was half blinded by a flash of light striking him squarely in the eyes. Involuntarily he shrank back a pace, to the first step from the top. Instantaneously the light was eclipsed.

"Halt or—or I fire!"

By now he realized that he had been scrutinized by the aid of an electric hand lamp. The tremulous whisper told him something else—that the speaker suffered from nerves as high-strung as his own. The knowledge gave him inspiration. He cried at a venture in a guarded voice. "Hands up!"—and struck out smartly with his stick. Its ferrule impinged upon something soft but heavy. Simultaneously he heard a low, frightened cry, the cane was swept aside, a blow landed glancingly on his shoulder, and he was carried fairly off his feet by the weight of a man hurled heavily upon him with staggering force and passion. Reeling, he was borne back and down a step or two, and then—choking under an oath—dropped his cane and with one hand caught the balusters, while the other tore ineffectually at wrists of hands that clutched his throat. So, for a space, the two hung, panting and struggling.

Then endeavoring to swing his shoulders over against the wall, Kirkwood released his grip on the hand-rail and stumbled on the stairs, throwing his antagonist out of balance. The latter plunged downward, dragging Kirkwood with him. Clawing, kicking, grappling they went to the bottom, jolted violently by each step; but long before the last was reached Kirkwood's throat was free.

Throwing himself off, he got to his feet, and grasped the railing for support; then waited, panting, trying to get his bearings. Himself painfully shaken and bruised, he shrewdly surmised that his assailant had fared as ill, of course. And, in point of fact, the man lay with neither move nor moan, still as death at the American's feet.

And once more silence had folded its wings over Number 9 Frognall street.

More conscious of that terrifying, motionless presence beneath him than able to distinguish it by power of vision, he endured interminable minutes of trembling horror in a witless daze before he thought of his match box. Immediately he found it and struck a light. As the wood caught and the bright small flame leaped in the pent air he leaned forward over the body, breathlessly dreading what he must discover.

The man lay quiet, head upon the floor, legs and hips on the stairs. One arm had fallen over his face, hiding the upper half. The hand gleamed white and delicate as a woman's. His chin was smooth and round, his lips thin and petulant. Beneath his topcoat and evening dress was a short and slender figure. Nothing whatever of his appearance suggested the burly ruffian, the midnight marauder; he seemed little more than a boy old enough to dress for dinner. In his attitude there was something pitifully suggestive of a beaten child, thrown into a corner.

Conscience-smitten and amazed Kirkwood stared on until, without warning, the match flickered and went out. Then, straightening up with an exclamation at once of annoyance and concern, he rattled the box; it made no sound—was empty. In disgust he swore it was the devil's own luck, that he should run out of vestas at a time so critical. He could not even say whether the fellow was dead, unconscious or simply shamming. He had little idea of his looks; and to be able to identify him might save a deal of trouble at some future time—since he, Kirkwood, seemed so little able to disengage himself from the clutches of this insane adventure! And the girl—what had become of her? How could he continue to search for her, without lights or guide, through all those silent rooms, whose walls might inclose a hundred hidden dangers in that house of mystery?

But he debated only briefly. His blood was young and it was hot; it was quite plain to him that he could not withdraw and retain his self-respect. If the girl was there to be found, most assuredly he must find her. The hand-lamp that had dazzled him at the head of the stairs should be his aid, now that he thought of it—and providing he was able to find it.

In the scramble on the stairs he had lost his hat, but he remembered that the vesta's short-lived light had discovered this on the floor beyond the man's body. Carefully stepping across the latter he recovered his head gear, and then, kneeling, listened with an ear close to the fellow's face. A softly regular beat of breathing reassured him. Half rising, he caught the body beneath the armpits, lifting and dragging it off the staircase, and knelt again to feel of each pocket in the man's clothing, partly as an obvious precaution, to relieve him of his advertised revolver against an untimely wakening, partly to see if he had the lamp about him.

The search proved fruitless. Kirkwood suspected that the weapon, like his own, had existed only in his victim's ready imagination. As for the lamp, in the act of rising he struck it with his foot, and picked it up.

It felt like a metal tube a couple of inches in diameter, a foot or so in length, passably heavy. He fumbled with it impatiently. "However the dickens," he wondered audibly, "does the infernal machine work?" As it happened, the thing worked with disconcerting abruptness as his untrained fingers fell hapchance on the spring. A sudden glare again smote him in the face, and at the same instant, from a point not a yard away, apparently, an inarticulate cry rang out upon the stillness.

Heart in his mouth, he stepped back, lowering the lamp (which impishly went out) and lifting a protecting forearm.

"Who's that?" he demanded harshly.

A strangled sob of terror answered him, blurred by a swift rush of skirts, and in a breath his shattered nerves quieted and a glimmer of common sense penetrated the murk anger and fear had bred in his brain. He understood and stepped forward, catching blindly at the darkness with eager hands.

"Miss Calendar!" he cried guardedly. "Miss Calendar, it is I—Philip Kirkwood!"

(To Be Continued.)